ANACREON

Done into English

Out of the

Original Greek.

x By Fr. Willis, Th. Wood &c.

Nec quicquid olim lusit Anacreon
Delevit ætas———

x See Wood's Ath. 2. 966.

& Brugemann's view of English Editions & Translations of the Classics Pl.

OXFORD,

Printed by *L. Lichfield* Printer to the University, for *Anthony Stephens* Bookseller near the *Theatre*, 1683.

105

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THE PREFACE.

THE *Great* Inducement *that drew on my* Genius *to this bold* attempt, *was the* deſire *of communicating to the World thoſe hidden* Sweets, *that pretty* Diverſion *that long time lay undiſcover'd in this Author*; *as alſo the tempting* Pattern *ſet by the unimitable Mr.* Cowley: *where he has rendred part of this Author ſo* lively *in an* Engliſh dreſs, *that I began to eſteem it of allmoſt* equal Beauty *with the* Original. *But when I conſider'd the loſs of thoſe many* Inſinuating *advantages the* Author *had over the Ears of* his *Auditors*; *To whom the* Unacceſſible *Graces of* that *Language, the*

Delicacies of his Wit and Stile, dish'd up with all the Tickling Art of Musick, could not but yield a very pleasant Gust. And now that the same Copied out in a less copious Tongue, and without that additionary Beauty of the Attuning Harp, which was customary in those days, should equally relish with us; I am apt to conclude next of Kin to an Impossibility.

To supply therefore these defects; I have in a Looser Method, but according to the forementioned Pattern, English'd this Author with a Parallel fancy of my own here and there interwoven, but as I dare aver, nothing derogatory to the sense of the Author; And however this Method may seem to some to be onely the wanton Sallies of a ranging Fancy, and the too licentious play of a Poetical Mind; yet I can easily satisfy my self that tis nothing but what is authorized by Mr. Cowley nothing but what is adapted to his Model; which whoever

ever takes the pains to read will at first sight discover, when he views his Verses here interserted, which at first I design'd to have put in different Characters, but afterwards I recalled these thoughts, knowing that no one could be a pretender to Poetry, who is wholly Ignorant of his Works, nr cannot with a Cursory glance discern his finer strokes from my mean Endeavours. I must confess I am willing to Patronize this fluenter kind of Version which I cannot call properly either Imitation or Translation but rather impute it to be somewhat which as yet wants a Name.

Neither do I look upon this to indulge too much Liberty, but onely to grant a freer Range to sense and Reason: I profess my self an utter Enemy to the too narrow tye of a verbal Translation, and when I chance to spy an Author of this kind who has slavishly confined himself to the least Particle

of

of his Original; *Methinks it looks as if not onely the* Motion *of the* Body (*according to* Des-Cartes *opinion*) *but that of the* Mind *too was performed by* Mechaniſm; *All his* uneaſie *production ſeems ſo farc'd, ſo much ſtrived for, as if his* Wit *like the* Goddeſs *of it could not be produc'd without the* Labour *of the Brain. And this methinks is the ready way of* Burleſquing *both himſelf and the Author.*

This groſs failure I have made it my buſineſs all along to avoid, and have affected a decent Naturallneſs, *ſo that my* Love Verſes *might run as* ſoft *and* eaſie *as the* Subject; *my* Rants *and* Drunken *Songs might be ſo far proportionable, as to ſeem the* hectoring Efforts *of a* Debouché; *in which I am afraid I have been guilty of the moſt* Errata's *becauſe being not well acquainted with thoſe vices, I was forced to prepoſſeſs my mind with a debauch'd fan-*

cy

cy and then write with all the extravagancy *of Thought.*

But now lest some Novice *in Poetry should pretend to Criticize upon the* unevenness *of the Verse, I must be bold to to tell him, that I esteem it the greatest* Excellency; *and am strangely taken with* Horace *for observing this Idiom in his* Sermo's, *where his sense is not confined to an affected* smoothness *but seems undesignedly to* happen *into Verse*; * *and as if he took* Plato's *Opinion in this case for a* Standard, *when he tells us, that the Verse ought to observe "those* Cadencies *required by the sense, "and to be squared to that; and not the Sense to the Verse. This therefore is sufficient plea for those* seeming *Errors, which might trapan an unjudicious Reader into false* Criticisms.

* *Plat.* Lib. 3. de Rep. Page 400.

And as for the common *Expressions I*

have

have made use of in this Piece, they were altogether designed; and not on purpose to help out with unseemly Bodges the deficient Rhime, *but to avoid that reprehension, the* Tragœdians *of old lay under according to the sentiments of* Ariphrades, * *who condemned em for deviating from the* usual Dialect *of Speaking. Which indeed in my opinion is no small failure: and* Aristotle *himself owns that they derogated much from his* κύριον *or* property *belonging to* Poesie.

* Aristot. de Ar. po. cap. 22.

As for the licentious gingling *of the* Rhymes, *no one will have reason to judge it an* Innovation, *if he does with a nice* scrutiny *examine into some of the Verses in an Ode here imitated by the* Author *of the* Satyrs *against the* Jesuites: *and I am very willing to favour this way, and could allmost wish* blank Verse *were much in vogue, knowing very well it would give*

the

the Fancy fairer play, being not imprisoned within the narrow limits of Rhyme; thus far I have apologized for those licenses I have here indulged my self; and that no more after this might Cavil at the design of this Piece, where vice seems to be so gawdily apparalled on purpose to draw over some to be its Proselytes, I would have the Reader know that this is far from the intent of the Author, who onely designed it as an innocent recreation to divert the Mind after it has been seiz'd with the long fatigue of Business, and to fill up those vacant hours appropriated to Mirth; and also with insinuating delight to please the Ladies; for whom great part of this Book (viz. That product, those enamouring features of Love so prettily delineated by this Author) was peculiarly intended; in rendring which the onely thing I have to glory in is, that whereas I have had such enticements to use a wan-

tonneſs of Speech, and in the plainneſs of Language to diſplay the Ladies Naked; yet I have been ſo decently Modeſt, as not to admit of one expreſſion that may adulterate the chaſteſt thoughts of a Nun, or exact a Bluſh from the moſt reſerved of that Sex. I ſhall only now deſire the Ladies favourably to accept this, and bleſs it with their Approbation; then I ſhall be exempted from the fear of any ill-natured Critieks, being well aſſured that as for the Generality of men they are ſo much theirs, ſo much bound in Cmplaiſance to Will and Nill the ſame, that to diſlike what the Ladies approve, were in ſome Meaſure to contradict themſelves. From theſe therefore I beg that my applauſe may be uttered with all the Emphaſis of a Smile; yet this alas would be too much, and onely render me more unhappy; I ſhould then begin to envy even my own work, and account it my happier Rival;

nor

nor could I *propose to my self any other means of* satisfaction, *then by wishing they would by a* kind Metonymie *accept the* Author *for his* Book.

S. B.

The Preface.

The Life of ANACREON.

ANACREON was a Poet famous for *Lyriques* amongst the *Græcians*, and according to *Strabo* an Inhabitant of the City *Teios*; whence he took the denomination of *Teius*, and whence we read in Ovid *Teia Musa*: about whose Parents the Antiquarians are of different Opinions, and seem dubious on whom to confer that *Honour*. Some would have his Father to be *Scythinus*, others *Eumelus*, others say his name was *Parthenius* or *Aristocritus*: I shall not therefore endeavour to reconcile these differences, but were I to guess at his *Genealogy*, byas'd by the delicious *Wantonness* of his Stile: I should be apt to conjecture, that *Bacchus* had sometime stoln the *Marriage-Sweets* of *Venus*, and palliated his crime with *this* offspring.

His *life* was a continued Scene of *Delight*, and his

his *Body* seemed, instead of a *Soul*, to be informed with nothing but *Love*. He was much enslaved with the *Masculin* Love of a Beautiful Boy named *Bathyllus*; as we may easily apprehend by his often mentioning of him throughout his whole Book, as also by that of *Horace*.

Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teium.———

Nor was he less enamoured with the powerful charms of his Mistress *Eurypile*; for whose affection he determined his Genious so to Love-Verses, that *Cicero* says of him, *His Poetry is all ore a treatise of Amours*. Which I am apt to imagine a mistake, knowing that *Bacchus* equally shares in it, and he never separated those two chief Ingredients of an *Epicurean's* happiness, *Women* and *Wine*. To the *Latter* of these he seemed to owe all his *Enthusiasm*, all the *youthful* vigour of his Old Age: he was so actuated, so enlivened with this, as if, when his *own* Spirits decayed, *Those* of Wine became *vital*. He was much addicted to the vice of Drinking, whence he was reproachfully entituled by some Οἰνοβαρὺς, and the *Athenians* (as *Pansanias* relates

lates in his description of *Greece*) erected his Statue in a Drunken posture. There goes a very pleasant Story of him, that once having took a Cup too much of the Creature, he came staggering homewards through the Market-place, and reeling against a Nurse with a Child in her Arms named *Cleobulus*, he had almost beat her down; nor did he crave her pardon for this Offence, but *injured* her as much afterwards with a *scornful, hectoring* reply: upon which the Nurse begged that the *Justice* of Heaven would take it into consideration, and prayed that he might be hereafter with all the Tyranny of affectionate Passion as much endeared to the Child as now he abhorred it.

Now after *Cleobulus* was past his Infancy, he became so strangely *beautiful*, that Nature seemed *extravagant* in bestowing all her charms upon one face; and the Gods being mindful of the Nurse's request inflicted upon *Anacreon* the *sweet* revenge of Love, as appears in some of his maimed pieces, where he draws up this Petition to the God of Love.

Tu propitius teneras exaudi preces,
Fave Cleobulo, *suscipe amorem meum.*

But

But *Athenæus* is of opinion that this Poet was not so much given to debauchery, and seems to clear him from the crime of Drunkenness; when he says, "Ὅτι Νήφωνεν τὴν γράφειν καὶ ἀγαθὸς ὤν, προσποιεῖσθαι μεθύειν Lib. 10. *Deipnos*: Fol. 429. that he onely played the *Counterfeit* as much in composing his drunken Songs, as I have in translating them.

As for the other part of his Verses; those *Lures* of Love, and baits for delight, they seem by a kind of *Sympathy* to be *conformable* to his *Life*, and maintain an equal *Correspondence* with *Mirth* and *Pleasure*: so that by the *lusciousness* of his Stile, and neatness of Wit, he got himself no small repute amongst the Ancients; some of which dignified him with the title of the *delicious Anacreon*, the *Honey-Poet*; And *Plato*, though a very nice Philosopher who allows of no pleasure but that in the *Abstract*; who terms the gross enjoyment of the sensual Appetite a *Brute* delight, and accounts that *refined* bliss the *Marriage* of *Souls* a property onely entailed on *Rationalls*; yet he was so overswayed with the Poetical *Philtres* of of *Anacreon*, as to sign his approbation of a more *substantial* delight in gratifying the Senses, and abandon that aerie notion of pleasure, as a *shadow* of Solid joy, a mere creature of Fancy;

when

when he calls this Author the wise *Anacreon*: Whose *Moralls* tell us he was a great Abetter of *Epicurism*, he placed his *Summum Bonum* in the gross embraces of delight and all his Actions tended to that as to their *Centre*; he pronounced to his Mind the Poets *Requiem*, Ætate fruere, *Enjoy thy Life*; and if any hour slipped away without Mirth he accounted it misspent, and himself guilty of the crime of *Idleness*; he abandoned all *gravity* and *Wisdom* as bold *Incroachers* upon the liberties of *Pleasure*; *Business* was a mere stranger to his mind, nor did ever the *turbulent* thoughts of *that* discompose the calmness of his Breast: Nay what most of all commands our Admiration is, that when he was under the severe Discipline of Age when nothing is *becoming* but to be *Morose*, and commence a *Dissenter* in Jollity; to see how *Love* overpower'd all these Tyrants, and a *Smile* could pry out some kind *cranies* to peep through his wrinkled looks, how he could be capable at this *Winter* of his Life to be inflamed with Love!

As if Nature had *priviledg'd* in him, a *familiar* Society, a *friendly* Neighbourhood betwixt two *Contraries*, *Heat* and *Cold*. I am apt methinks now to credit the *theft* of *Prometheus*, or subscribe to the tenet of *Heraclitus Physicus*, that

 his

his Soul owed its being to *fire*: when I see it so often *flash* out in wanton *sparks* of Love, and betray the *flame* within, when he writes with all the *heat* of Passion: But tis said besides these Love-Songs he composed several *Elegies*, and *Iambicks*, and several other Pieces of Poetry, which the World hath not been so happy to retain.

The time he lived in is ambiguous: *Eusebius* records it in the LXI *Olympiad*, *Suidas* in the LXII, and makes him Cotemporary with *Polycrates* a Tyrant at *Samos*; His Verse so *mollified* the *harsh* temper of that Prince, and as it were *civilized* his *brutal* Disposition, that he became no small favourite of his; But others are of Opinion, that he flourished under the Reign of *Cyrus* and *Cambyses*, and that not being able to suffer the Tyranny of the *Persians*, he betook himself to *Abdera* a City in *Thrace* whose sometime inhabiting there might attone for the *Epidemical Disease* of that people, *Dullness*: here he long time enjoyed the sweets of a *quiet* Life, attended with *content* and *mirth* the gay retinue of a Poet; and in the LXXXV*th* year of his Age died being choaked with a Grape-stone, upon whose death we have this Elegy out of *Cælius*.

At

The Life of Anacreon.

AT te sancte Senex, acinus sub Tartara misit,
Cygneæ clausit qui tibi vocit iter:
Vos Hederæ tumulum, tumulum vos cingite Lauri
Hoc Rosa perpetuo uernet odora loco;
At vitis procul hinc, procul hinc odiosa facessat,
Quæ diræ causam protulit una necis;
Creditur ipse minus vitem nunc Bacchus amare
In vatem tantum quæ fuit ausa nefas.

Eng-

Engliſh't thus.

HAil *Bard* triumphant, whoſe melodious breath
A Grape-ſtone ſtopp'd, the *Thunder-bolt* of death.
Let *Ivie* now thy envied Tomb ſurround,
And let it be with thy own *Laurels* crown'd;
Let grateful *Roſes* od'rous offerings bring,
And here enjoy an *everlaſting* Spring; (Vine,
But hence, far hence be plac'd the treach'rous
That made *immortal* Thee to *death* reſign;
Bacchus ſelf hates it now, 'tis thought, and grieves
T' has *kill'd* a Poet in whoſe Verſe it *lives*.

ANA-

ANACREON

Translated out of the Original Greek.

I.

Love.

I'll sing of *Heroes*, sing of *Kings*;
In mighty Numbers, mighty things.
Begin my Muse; but lo the strings
To my great Song rebellious prove;
The Strings will sound of nought but *Love*;
I broke them all, and put on new;

'Tis this or nothing ſure will do.
Theſe ſure (ſaid I) will me obey;
Theſe ſure *Heroick* Notes will play.
Strait I began with with thundering *Jove*.
And all the immortal Powers, but *Love*.
Love ſmil'd, and from my enfeebled Lyre
Came gentle Airs, ſuch as inſpire
Melting *Love*, ſoft *deſire*.
Farewell then *Heroes*, farewell *Kings*,
And mighty Numbers, mighty Things;
Love tunes my *Heart* juſt to my *Strings*.

II.

Beauty.

Liberal Nature did diſpenſe
To all things Arms for their defence;

And some she Arms with *sinewy* force,
And some with *swiftness* in the course;
Some with hard *Hoofs*, or forked *Claws*,
And some with *Horns*, or *tusked Jaws*.
And some with *Scales*, and some with *Wings*,
And some with *Teeth*, and some with *Stings*.
Wisdom to Man she did afford,
Wisdom for Shield, and *Wit* for Sword.
What to Beauteous *Woman-kind*,
What *Arms*, what *Armour* has she assign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the *Fair*
What Arms, what Armour can compare?
What Steel, what Gold, or Diamond,
More *Impassible* is found?
And what *Flame*, what *Lightning* e're
So great and *active* force did bear?
They are *all Weapon*, and they dart
Like *Porcupines* from every part.

Who can alas, their ſtrength expreſs,
Arm'd when they themſelves *undreſs*,
Cap-a-pe with *Nakedneſs*?

III.

Cupid or the *Cunning Beggar*.

ORe all when *Night* had ſilence ſpread,
Chain'd down by ſleep and all lay dead,
When *Moon* and *Stars* below did reſt,
With former *watchings* much oppreſt;
When even *Thought* in peace was lain;
And the Old *Nothing* ſeem'd to reign;
A pretty *Boy* at door did wait,
And me for *Lodging* much intreat,
Complaining long of cold and wet.
I am ſays he a fatherleſs,
And hungry Child in much diſtreſs;

My Mother to ſome neighb'ring Town
To beg relief for us is gone,
Left *me* and *Innocence* alone.
Good Sir, if the kind *Gods* you love,
Let *me*, poor *me* your pitty move.
Twas here he ſtopt; and down his Face
Methought the Tears did flow apace,
His formal Cant I ſoon believ'd,
And thought that his Tears *perceiv'd*.
Compaſſion came from every part,
And pleaded ſtrongly in my Heart;
My Heart, which its own ills deſir'd,
And even I my ſelf conſpir'd.
I roſe and ſtrook a Light, then ſtrait
With *Pious* haſt unlock'd the Gate;
(So headlong to our Fate we fly,
So fond are we of Miſery.)
I ſaw the Youth, 'twas wondrous fair,

His Eyes did like two Stars appear,
His Limbs upon each other ſhone,
And made a *Conſtellation*;
But *heats* as yet I muſt not feel,
With Wings he did *himſelf* conceal,
(For know with *Pomp* and *Leiſure* he
Prepar'd at length to *Murder* me.)
His Darts and Bow did ſeem around
To hang, as *Play-things* newly found;
Deſtruction then with kind intent
I *modiſhly* did *Complement*,
I warm'd his hands with mine, but ſee
Two fires did back upon me flie;
For though more cold then *Flint* he came,
He had like *that* a *ſecret* flame.
His Hair was wet, but even then
Some *glimmering* beauties did remain;

At length the *Curls* in order lay,
'Ore which (that led my Soul away)
Millions of *little Loves* did play:
I call'd him *Ganymede*, I'de swear
That *Cupid* was not *half* so fair:
Nay, that I might my kindness shew,
I think I *hugg'd* and *kiss't* him too.
Cheer'd thus, warm *Life* came up again,
And all in every part did reign;
All discontent and cares did cease,
His *Bow-strings* th' onely thing amiss;
So *prettily* he strait forgot,
Each grave and *unbecomming* thought.
Lets try says (affecting strait
A *meekly* look, the *greatest* cheat)
Lets try; if 'gainst my *Bow* th' unkind
Heav'ns, rage and malice have design'd.
Here to the head the Dart was drawn,

And

And here the mighty *God* was ſhewn;
For (*Oh*) in my unwary Breaſt
Death and the Fatal *Steel* did reſt!
Impatient Senſe and Nature dies,
And *Love* alone a *Life* ſupplies.
The grinning Boy *augments* my paid,
With *Drolls* and *Scoffs* he *wounds* again.
Landlord, he cries, my Bow you ſee
Is much above an Injury.
All ills againſt your Heart were meant,
Kind ills which *Heavn* and *Cupid* ſent.
And you to me that *warmth* did give,
A *double* gift do back receive;
I grant (my gratitude to prove)
That thou ſhalt *ſcorch* and *burn* with *Love*.

IV.

IV.

The Epicure.

UNderneath this *Myrtle* ſhade,
On *Flowrie* beds ſupinely laid,
With od'rous oyls my head o'reflowing,
And around it Roſes growing,
What ſhould I do but *drink* away
The *heat*, and *troubles* of the Day?
In this more then *Kingly* ſtate,
Love himſelf ſhall on me wait.
Fill to me *Love*, nay fill it up;
And mingled caſt into the Cup
Wit, and *Mirth*, and noble *Fires*,
Vigorous *Health*, and gay *Deſires*.
The *Wheel of Life* no leſs will ſtay,
In a *ſmooth* than *rugged* way.

Since it *equally* doth flee,
Let the Motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious *Oyntments* shower,
Nobler *Wines* why do we pour,
Beauteous Flowers why do we spread,
Upon the *Monuments* of the Dead?
Nothing they but *Dust* can show,
Or *Bones* that *hasten* to be so.
Crown me with Roses whilest I live,
Now your *Wines* and *Oyntment* give,
After death I nothing crave,
Let me Alive my *pleasures* have,
All are *Stoicks* in the Grave.

V.

The Rose.

PRetty *Rose*, Thou gawdy Flower,
Sacred to *Love*'s mighty power,
(Whence there's no Lover ever seeks,
But finds Thee in his Mistres *Cheeks*,)
Thee thy *Red Jolly* looks design
The fit *Companion* of *Wine*;
Crown'd thus, we'll drink and merry be,
Till we look *gay* and *Red* like Thee.
Queen of all the Flowers that wear
The *Liv'rie* of the *painted* year.
Thou Lovely *Darling* of the Spring,
How doest thou *short-lived* glories bring,
How doest thou *vex* us, but in this,
That thy Life no *longer* is.

Thee the *Gods* love, hence they design
To draw thee fresh with *Paint divine*,
And in thy *Reds* strive to display
The *blushing Infancy* of Day.
The *God* of *Love* more *lovely* now,
Adorns with thee his comely brow,
When with the *Graces* dauncing, he
Sees nothing there so *fair* as thee:
Then prithee let me *Roses* have,
A Rosie Chaplet's all I crave;
For which, Thou *God* of *Wine*, each day
I'll thee in *Drunken* Carols pay;
And when the beauteous Roses spread
Their Ruby lustre round my Head;
How shall one Dear *She*, and I,
In *Mirth* and *Gallantry* comply;
Free from care, free from strife,
We'll daunce the pleasant *Maze* of Life.

Another.

Another.

WHilſt *Roſes* round our Temples twine,
The envy of the Roſie *Wine*,
In which we *cares* and *buſineſs* bury;
Thus we *live*, thus live *merry*;
The Beauteous Virgins dance a round
At the *Harps* no leſs *charming* ſound,
Their wanton *Ivie wands* too they
As *Badges* of their Mirth diſplay:
(That *twining* Plant ſeems to prove
The fitteſt Emblem of their *Love*.)
See how each Harmonious Boy
Does ſometimes Daunce, and ſometimes Play;
They Sing and Daunce away their prime,
And by ſuch *Motions* meaſure Time;
Love himſelf makes up the Quire,
Venus does with ſoft Airs inſpire.

That

That ſprightly God, the God of *Wine*,
Pours *New life* through every Vein.
All's Mirth: even now the *Grave*, and *Sage*
Curſe the dull *awkerdneſs* of Age.
This the true *life*, this ſure muſt be,
Since Life it ſelf's but *Harmony*.

VI.

The Wound.

WHen once I did rebellious prove,
Nor own'd the *Sov'reingty* of Love.
Love ſmil'd, and ſtrait he took in hand
His *all-commanding* Purple Wand,
Which kindly forc'd me to obey,
And through ſtrange Paths with Love to ſtray.
We paſs'd ore ſweeteſt flowrie Plains,
And through ſwift *Amorous* curled Streams,

Where

Where, even *senseless* things I saw,
Did pay obeysance to *Love*'s Law.
Kind *Reeds* did to each other move,
The *Waters* self seem'd *warm* with Love.
Even *Brambles* our approach to greet,
Did in kind *rough* embraces meet.
Thus as I pas'd and well did spy
How all Things, All Things Lov'd but I,
A pretty spangled glittering Foe,
Too *gay* I thought to *wound* me so;
A *Snake* with's Sting did life betray,
My *Heart* had almost fled away.
But *Cupid* call'd it back, I see
All *Hearts* at his disposal be.
Who nodding check'd my stubborn pride,
And thus at length began to chide.
No matter what those fools sustain
Who account *Love* the greatest *pain*,

Which

Which but once tried, none e're did wiſh
That ſo much dreaded *pain* to miſs.

VII.

The Dream.

AS on a Purple Quilt I choſe
By Night to take my ſweet repoſe,
Where *dewie* Sleep fell on my breaſt,
And all my cares lay calm'd in Reſt,
My wanton *Fanſie* ſporting lay,
And call'd my roving *Thoughts* to play.
Who in their ſport and am'rous flight
Made up this *Landskip* of delight.
Methoughts (but oh 'twas but a *Dream*)
I wandring ſpied a ſpotleſs train
Of beauteous Virgins, where each face
Provok'd enough to th' amorous chaſe.

Strait

Strait the *coy* Phantoms fled away,
Nor would for my kind Courtſhip ſtay.
I follow'd ſtrait, but lo hard by
A Troop of gallant Youths did ly.
Who there would fain have rival'd me,
And forc'd me back with railery,
Yet this alas but fann'd the fire,
And added Wings to my deſire.
Methoughts I made the greater haſt,
And ſeiz'd the amorous Prey at laſt,
And then I proffer'd at a Kiſs,
But wak'd in the Interim of bliſs.
Curſe on my Eys that open'd day,
And chas'd thoſe *pleaſant* Forms away.
My Eyes, that now will uſeleſs be,
If I ſuch *ſights* may *ſleeping ſee.*
Thus raving I lay down, and then
I onely wiſh'd to *Dream ag'en.*

VIII.

The Dove.

TEll me, Lov's *Envoy*, prithee do
Whither doſt this Journey go.
Or whence did'ſt this *ſweet* voyage take.
Through *perfum*'d Air which thy *Wings* make.
Which with their wanton fannings ſpread,
Such *Odours*, as *embalm* the Dead.
Such *Odours*, as I'de almoſt Swear
Zephyrus Gales not ſweeter are.
When with ſome Roſe he has bin at play,
And *kiſt* its fragant *Life* away.

The *Dove* reply'd, what's this to Thee?
I carry *Anacreon's* Embaſſie;
Which he with courteous kind intent
Has to his Lov'd *Bathyllus* ſent.

Bathyllus

Bathyllus whose fair face does prove
The Potent *Monarchy* of *Love*.
Tis true I once was *Venus* slave,
Nor carry'd ought but what *She* gave,
Who for a *Love-Toy*, for a *Song*
Sold me to her *Anacreon*.
Whom now I serve you see, and bear
These his Love Letters through the Air;
Which *soft* as mine own *Feathers* are.
For which good Office kindly he
My *hated* freedom proffers me.
But all the freedom which I crave
Is that I *still* may be his Slave.
For why should I, tell me why,
Range through the *Desart* of the Sky?
Or make some Mountains top my Seat
To sit and moan for want of meat;
Or when the year does bounties yield,

And Fruits enrich each Painted Field.
Why ſhould I courſe Berries eat,
Rough as the Brambles where I ſit?
Where all my Victuals dreſt muſt be
By Natures *homely* Cookery.
When I can here as freely ſtand,
And *peck* out of *Anacreons* hand,
Delicious Crumbs, ſuch as be
The ſweet effects of Luxury.
And gulp ſuch Wine, as he himſelf
Drinks when he names *Bathyllus* health:
And when I'me drunk with this, I play
And dance and revel all the day.
But when all things do ſilence keep,
And the ſtill Night invites to ſleep,
I on his *Harp* repoſing ly,
And dream of nought but *Harmony*.
This Sir is all, this is the brief
Account of my Voluptuous life. Go

Go with this Narrative content,
Youv'e made me already *impertinent*.
That you your ſelf will ſay anon,
I'me *Dove* in all parts, but *my Tongue*.

IX.

Cupid in Wax.

A Friend of mine expos'd to ſale
A Waxen piece, wrought wondrous well.
The *God* of Love was form'd in this
Soft as he by *Nature* is.
Where Art ſo much of *life* did give,
The *ſmiling* Image ſeem'd *alive*.
Pleas'd at the ſight, I ask'd the price
Of this well imitated piece.
My Friend reply'd, Sir what you pleaſe,
I'le thank you too for the releaſe.

For

For I'me no Artiſt truth to tell,
But *Love* at any rate I'de ſell,
With *painted* Arrows, *painted* Bow,
Which make a *real* dreadful ſhow.
I dare not longer *Cupid* truſt,
Brother to *inſatiable* Luſt.
Nay then by your leave Sir, I cry'd,
If you'd be of this torment rid,
Think not to *vend* the ware, but know
That you muſt *buy* your *Chapman* too.
Come hang't give me a Groat, Il'e take
The Image home, but for Heav'ns ſake
Prithee *Love* my breaſt inſpire,
And *kindle* vigorous deſire.
Or elſe in *flames* far above
All the *extremities* of Love,
Thy *ſtubborn* Form ſhall ſoon decay,
The Waxen *God* ſhall melt away.

And if thou this denieſt to me,
The *fire* ſhall thy Sole ruine be.

X.

Age.

OFt am I by the Woman told
Poor *Anacreon* thou grow'ſt old.
Look how thy Hairs are falling all,
Poor *Anacreon* how they fall.
Whether I grow old or no
By th' effects I do not know,
This I can tell without being told,
Tis time to live, if I grow old.
Tis time ſhort pleaſures now to take
Of little life the beſt to make,
And manage wiſely the laſt Stake.

XI.

XI.

The Swallow:

FOoliſh *Prater* what dʼſt thou
So early at my Window do,
With thy *tuneleſs* Serenade;
Well 't had been had *Tereus* made
Thee, as Dumb as *Philomel*,
There his *Knife* had done but *well*.
In thy undiſcovered Neſt,
Thou doſt all the *Winter* reſt,
And dreameſt o're thy *Summer joys*,
Free from the ſtormy ſeaſons noiſe.
Free from thʼ ill thou'ſt done to me,
Who diſturbs or ſeeks out Thee?
Had'ſt thou all the charming notes,
Of the VVoods *Poetick Throats*

All

All thy Art could never pay
What thou'ſt haſt ta'ne from me away,
Cruel Bird thou'ſt ta'ne away,
A *Dream* out of my arms to day.
A *Dream*, that ne're muſt equall'd be,
By all that *waking Eyes* may ſee.
Thou this damage to repair
Nothing half ſo ſweet or fair,
Nothing half ſo good can'ſt bring,
Though men ſay, Thou bring'ſt the *Spring*.

XII.

A Rant.

THat *Noble* Soul, the *Phrygian* Boy
Damn'd all *Senſe*, a uſeleſs Toy.
When with the *Goddeſs* big he reel'd,
And bravely roar'd it in the Field.

Where Mountains liſtned to his voice,
And Eccho'd back the *Drunken* noiſe.
Thus, Thus of old th' inſpir'd Men,
Drank Bumpers up of *Hypocrene*.
Till *Frenſie-ſtrook* they did begin,
To fancy ſome *mad* God within,
They ſoar'd above all *common* Senſe,
Wing'd with a *Drunken Excellence*.
And all their ventrous rage let fly,
In *Dithyrambick* Poetry.
Whilſt theſe, theſe my Examples be,
I'll curſe all dull Sobriety.
Fill'd with Wine's delicious charms,
Fill'd with a Miſtreſs in my Arms,
My Paſſion uncontroul'd ſhall rove,
Doubly debauch'd with Wine, and Love.

XIII.

The Duel:

YEs I will Love then, I will Love,
I will not now Loves Rebel prove.
Though I was once his Enemy,
Thoug ill-adviſ'd and ſtubborn I
Did to the Combate him defie.
An Helmet, Spear, and mighty Shield
Like ſome New *Ajax* I did wield,
Love in one hand his Bow did take,
In th' other hand a Dart did ſhake,
But yet in vain the Dart did throw,
In vain he often drew the Bow,
So well my Armour did reſiſt,
So oft by ſlight the Blow I miſt.

But when I thought all danger paſt,
His Quiver empty'd quite at laſt.
Inſtead of Arrow or of Dart
He ſhot *Himſelf* into my heart.
The *living*, and the *killing* Arrow
Ran through the Skin, the Fleſh, the Blood,
And broke the Bones, and ſcorcht the Marrow;
No Trench, or Work of Life withſtood:
In vain I now the Walls maintain,
I ſet out Guards and Scouts in vain
Since th' Enemy does within remain.
In vain a Breaſt plate now I wear,
Since in my Breaſt the Foe I bear:
In vain my Feet their ſwiftneſs try,
For from the *Body* can they fly?

XIV. *The Drunkard:*

FIll the Bowl with roſie Wine,
Around our Temples Roſes twine, And

And let us chearfully a while,
Like the Wine and Roſes ſmile.
Crown'd with Roſes we contemn
Gyges wealthy Diadem.
To day is ours, what do we fear,
To day is Ours, we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wiſh at leaſt with us to ſtay.
Lets baniſh Buſineſs, baniſh Sorrow,
To the Gods belongs *To Morrow.*

XV.

My Fate:

LEt other Poets build their glory,
On the ruin'd *Trojans* Story

Ill neither Sing of this or that,
Or the mighty *Thebans* fate,
Though I was ſure to Sing withall,
In ſuch *ſweet* Numbers as might call
The *ſtones* again into a *Wall*.
Nobler Themes My Breaſt inſpire,
Nobler Songs provoke my Lyre:
Nobler Wars, ſuch as be
Wag'd by a *diſdainful* ſhe.
Though I ſhould ſtand where Canons roar,
'Tis *She* alone can wound me more.
I have try'd by Land and Sea enough,
I am all *Weapons*, but *loves* proof;
Love, who in *Ambuſcado* lies
All-armed in my Miſtreſs eyes.
Each *glance* of her ſhoots forth a *Dart*,
And every *look* commands a *heart*.

XVI

XVI.

The Cup.

MAke me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl
Large as my *capacious* Soul.
Vaſt as my thirſt is, let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave.
I mean the Grave of all my care,
For I intend to bury 't there.
Let it of Silver faſhion'd be,
Worthy of *Wine*, Worthy of *me*.
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
As that bright *Cup* amongſt the Stars.
That Cup, which Heav'n deign'd a place
Next the *Sun*, its greateſt grace.
Kind Cup, that to the Stars did go

To light poor *Drunkards* here below,
Let mine be ſo and give me light,
That I may drink and revel by't.
Yetdraw no ſhapes of *Armour* there,
No Cask, nor Shield nor Sword, nor Spear.
Nor Wars of *Thebes*. nor Wars of *Troy*,
Nor any other Martial Toy,
For what do I vain Armour prize,
Who mind not ſuch rough exerciſe,
But gentler Sieges, ſofter Wars,
Fights that cauſe no Wounds nor Scars.
I'll have no *Battles* on my Plate,
Leſt ſight of them ſhould *brawls* create;
Leſt that provoke to *Quarrels* too,
Which *Wine it ſelf* enough can do.
Draw me no Conſtellations there,
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,

Nor any of that monſtrous Fry,
Of Animals which ſtock the Sky.
For what are Stars to my deſign,
Stars, which I when Drunk out ſhine
Outſhone by every drop of Wine.
I lack no *Pole ſtar* on the Brink,
To guide in the *wide Sea* of Drink.
But would for ever there be toſt,
Wiſh no Haven, ſeek no Coaſt.
Yet gentle Artiſt, if thou'lt try
Thy Skil, then draw me, (let me ſee)
Draw me firſt a ſpreading Vine,
Make it's Arms the Bowl entwine.
With kind Embraces ſuch as I,
Twiſt about my loving *She*.
Let its Bows o're-ſpread above
Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love.

Draw next the Patron of the Tree,
Draw *Bacchus* and ſoft *Cupid* by,
Draw them both in Toping ſhapes,
Their Temples crown'd with cluſter'd Grapes.
Make them lean againſt the Cup,
As twere to keep their Figures up.
And when their reeling Forms I view,
I'll think them Drunk, and be ſo too.
The Gods ſhall my Examples be,
The Gods thus Drunk in *Effigy*.

Another.

HEre Artiſt all thy Skill impart,
With *Richeſt* Metal, *Richer* Art,
Make me a Bowl brighter far,
Then Heav'ns Cup *gilt* with many a *Star*,

That

That *Cup* to which we'll nothing owe,
'Tis This ſhall *influence* us below.
In various Colours, various dreſs,
Here thy rich Workmanſhip expreſs.
Firſt let the *flowrie* Spring appear,
The *Drinking* Seaſon of the year.
When every verdant *Roſe Tree* ſtill
Of *dewie-Nectar* drinks it's fill.
And when't has long *carouſing* ſtood,
Breaks out into many a Bud.
Buds, which once op'd, will *bluſh* to be
The Effects of *Inſobriety*.
Then let theſe *Infant* Roſes ſhine,
As if they borrow'd from the Wine
A *Drunken redneſs*, thus to be
The Emblems of *good* Company.
And to make up the tempting ſhow

Let *Wine* in Streams ſeem to flow.
And in feign'd Riv'lets rowl along,
Enough to Fuddle *Lookers* on.
But prithee Artiſt, above all
Draw no *Ægyptian* Feſtival.
Make no *Deaths-heads* the *Living* fright,
Or check their Mirth, curb their delight,
But rather let young *Bacchus* here
In all his ſtagg'ring ſhapes appear.
Draw *Venus* with hands lifted up
As 'twere to *Miniſter* the Cup.
With all her She adorers too,
Where each ſhall *Hebe*'s office do.
Then draw the lovely amorous Boy,
But make him lay his Arrows by.
He'll here no *Bow*, no *Arrows* want
Whilſt Wine it ſelf's *Prædominant*.

Next ſpread around the Mantling Vine,
And let it the rich Bowl entwine
With cluſter'd *Grapes*, ſuch as may
Call the *Birds* once more away,
Flattring 'em with a *painted* Prey.
And underneath the pleaſant ſhade,
(If any by this Tree is made)
Make all the ſmiling *Graces* play,
Melting their ſofter hours away.
Let 'em inſpir'd nimbly move,
Some with Wine, ſome with Love.
Draw laſt of all good Company,
Such as may *Phœbus* place ſupply.
Phœbus who though he above ſhines bright,
Seemingly drunk with *reeling* light,
Should he but our Revels know,
Would rather chooſe his *Heav'n* below.

Would rather chuſe to light us here
And make the circling Bowl his *Sphere.*
Would rather have, when day is done,
Our *Wine*, his *Weſtern* Ocean.

XVII.

Drinking.

THe thirſty *Earth* ſoaks up the *Rain*,
And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.
The *Plants* ſuck in the *Earth* and are
With conſtant drinking freſh and fair.
The *Sea* it ſelf, which one would think
Should have but little need of *Drink*,
Drinks ten thouſand *Rivers* up,
So fill'd that they o'reflow the Cup.
The buſie *Sun* (and one ſhould gueſs
By's drunken fiery face no leſs)

Drinks

Drinks up the *Sea*, and when h'as done,
The *Moon* and *Stars* drink up the Sun,
They drink and dance by their own light.
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in *Natures's ſober* found,
But an Eternal *Health* goes round.
Fill up the *Bowl* then, fill it high,
Fill all the *Glaſſes* there, for why
Should every Creature drink but I,
Why, Men of Morals, tell me why?

XVIII.

The Wiſh *to his Miſtreſs.*

I'Me told how Bodies change their State
By the ſhuffling hand of Fate;
Which when once diſpos'd to play
Does ſome ſtrangely convey
And ſteal 'em from *Themſelves* away.

Here it leaves *one*, when life is gone,
In *wondring* poſtures made a *Stone*.
Another there ſtands doubting yet
Whether to truſt her *Wings* or *Feet*,
Amidſt theſe Scenes of Changes now
Should the Gods my wiſh allow,
Thy happy *Looking-glaſs* I'de be,
That thou might'ſt always gaze on me,
Where thou might'ſt ſpy, (was my Breaſt clear)
Thy ſelf, thy very ſelf is there.
I'de wiſh my Thread of Life were ſpun
Into thy rich and precious Gown.
That I might to Embraces haſt,
And claſp my Love about the waſt.
Or let me in pure *Riv'lets* flow,
Which when thou bath'ſt will brighter ſhow.
Or let me in ſweet *Eſſence* dy,

And

And here exhale my Odrous breath
Whilst I thy Limbs *perfuming* lye,
Who could wish a sweeter death?
Or let the Heav'ns to exceed my wish
And urge it on to greater bliss,
Make me your *Necklace*, *Shape*, or *Shoe*,
Nay any thing that *belongs* to you.

XIX.

Heat.

Fill, kind *Misses*, fill the Bowl,
And let the Wine *refresh* my Soul.
For now the *thirsty* heat of day
Has almost *drunk* my *Life* away;
Whole flouds of sweat will scarce suffice,
It drinks, and still new flouds arise:
It drinks, till I my self grow dry,
And can no longer flouds supp'ly.

Now then my *Heat*, releive,
And now your *Cooling* Garlands weave;
Cooling Garlands, ſuch as may
Invite *refreſhing* VVinds to play,
And chaſe the *Tyrant Heat* away.
But this I doe perhaps youle gueſs
Becauſe I mean to *Love* you leſs;
Or do't becauſe I'de hence remove
All the *flames* and *heat* of *Love*.
Fooliſh *Girls*, perhaps you know
This to the *Body* good may doe;
But *Love* can no abatement find,
Love's the *High-Feaver* of the *Mind*.

Solitude

XX.

Solitude.

GRant me ye Gods the Life I love,
And lend to me a ſhady *Grove:*
There let the Trees Verdant *Hair*
Sport with each kind blaſt of air.
Let Birds the Choriſters of the wood
Sing all that's pleaſant, all that's good.
Make ſome liquid ſilver ſtream
In ſoft *whiſperings* court the Plain.
And let me here Flowers behold
Fringing its banks with native Gold.
Then tell ye Gods, tell if ye can
VVhat, Prince, what great *unhappy* man
VVould not thus a Cell prefer,
And chuſe to live an *Hermit* here.

XXI.

Gold.

IF all the ſorcerie of *Gold*,
That which can all things elſe withhold,
Could but prorogue the fatal day,
Or count one fleeting minutes ſtay,
No doubt I ſhould a *Miſer* be,
And hugg the Ore as much as he.
Nor ſhould I count it then amiſs
That this his Life, this his *all* is.
But ſince there's nought, early or late
Can bribe inexorable Fate,
Since all muſt go one common way,
The *richeſt* and the *pooreſt* Clay.
Why does the Miſer hoard up ſtore,

Why does he drudg for uſeleſs Ore?
Tis all at beſt a gilt deceit,
All but a pleaſant life's worſt cheat.
Then ſince tis ſo, I'll pleaſures take,
And of my time the beſt I'll make.
Smiling Mirth, *gay* Jollitry
Shall treat each hour that paſſes by:
Nay I will Love, and then each day
Even Time it ſelf will wiſh to ſtay.
Thus my *ſhort* life ſhall pleaſant be,
Thus I ſhall *longer live* then he.

XXII.

Life.

NAture ſent us all abroad,
Directing us a *narrow* Road;

The

The *slippry* Road of Life, which men
Once paſs, and nere begin ag'en.
O're *Hedge* and *Ditch Hope* leads e'm on,
And talks of *pleaſant* Fields to come,
But ſee th' *inchanted grounds* are *gone*.
How many years I've paſſed ore
Tis known, but what remaineth more,
Or when *Death* takes the *Trav'lers in*,
Tis hidden, ſacred, and unſeen:
Well then ſince all things *doubtful* are
And there are *Gods* we know not where,
Fill up the Bowl we'll *dance* and *ſing*
Till Nature does *true* knowledg bring.
And thus, my Friends we'll joys receive,
And thus we'll find the *way* to *live*.

XXIII

XXIII.

The careleſs Companion.

WHilſt the Cup walks nimbly round,
All my Cares in that lye drown'd.

I baniſh *Buſineſs* to the great,
Buſineſs the great man's Favourite.
Buſineſs ſhall now no more moleſt
The *even* temper of my Breaſt:
For ſince my *Age* does downwards bend,
Why ſhould I *haſten* to my end,
Why ſhould I *thinking* on my Fate,
Thus my Sorrows *Antedate?*
Fill then my Boy, come fill it up.
I'll bury all cares in this Cup.
For whilſt the Cup walks nimbly round,
All my Cares in that lye drown'd.

Another.

Another.

WHilſt I carouſe, all my cares ſink
Into the vaſt *Sea* of Drink;
Methinks I *Cræſus* then deſpiſe,
With all his uſeleſs Treaſuries;
Richer far in that *bright Coin*,
That *ſparkles* in each Glaſs of Wine;
And what I like better ſtill,
All *that* Gold is *potable*.
Tis that has rais'd a *precious* thought,
And me to *fanſied* Riches brought;
To me thus rich, all things below
Do but meer *empty Trifles* ſhow.
With *Garlands* deck'd I roar, and ſing,
Greater, than the greateſt King.
Methinks I laugh at *Honour's* cheat

That ſo impoſes on the *Great*.
I laugh at all the *ſmall* renown,
That *dimly* glimmers on a *Crown*.
Let others now to *Wars* repair,
And ſeek for *flutt'ring* Honour there.
Charge me a Cup Boy, *prime* it well,
Tis this ſhall all my Foes repell:
Charge all the Goblets there, for why
Death ſtealing on methinks I ſpy;
But I'll foreſtall his *great* deſign
And be *dead drunk* before with *Wine*.

XXIV.

In the Praiſe of Bacchus.

WHilſt *Bacchus* Temple in my Breaſt
By the *Mighty* God's poſſeſt,

That God who firſt from *Lightning* came,
Now *briſk* and *active* as the ſame,
He does with *Mirth* my Mind inſpire
And *tunes* my *Heart* juſt to his *Choir*.
My *chearful* Pulſe *beat* more ſtrong,
My *Bloud* in *Numbers skips* along.
Drunk thus methinks I'me in a Trance,
And all my body's but *one Dance*.
Methinks I hear *Venus* rehearſe
Some *charming* Song, ſome *dancing* Verſe.
That kindly moves (methinks I ſee)
My trembling Nerv's by *Sympathy*.
Which *dance* afreſh, by *Wine* and *Love*,
Thus I like a *Machin* move.
Now let the *Learn'd* ſay what they can,
Muſick is the *Soul* of Man.

XXV. *His*

XXV.

His Miſtreſſes Picture.

DRaw, *ſome Apelles*, Draw me here
Her who is the *onely* fair.
She's fled; but in my *breaſt* I find
She has left her ſelf *behind*.
Thy Colours then make ready all,
And copie thus the Original.

Firſt draw her Hair *black* as the *Night*,
In which all *Lovers* take delight.
And if the Wax will *Odours* bear
Perfumes, that owe *more ſweets* to her,
Draw her *High Forehead* (let me ſee)
Whiter then *whiteſt* Ivory.
Then paint each *brown* declining Brow,
That ſerve ſo oft for *Cupids Bow*:

Who when with *killing* ſtrives to *pleaſe*,
Will onely then make uſe of *theſe*.
But leſt theſe comely loving pair
Of *Arches*, meet into *one* Fair:
At a ſmall diſtance let 'em ſhow,
They wou'd be *one*, and are ſcarce *two*:
Below theſe if thou canſt diſplay,
Of her *two Eys* the *double* day,
Where *dazling* Lightning ſeems to play.
Like *Lightning* they *glide* through the Skin,
And wound the *Heart* that's lodg'd *within*.
But to add all their Graces too,
Let 'em like *Pallas's* be *Blew*,
Which more than ere her *Gorgon* ſlew,
Let 'em ſuch *charming* glances dart,
As *Venus* when ſhe wounds a Heart.
This being done: her *Cheeks* next view,

Where

Where (if you'd imitate the true)
Steal *Bluſhes* from the *Roſie* Morn,
(*Such* even *ſuch* her *Cheeks* adorn)
And mingle with the *ſtreaming* light,
That paints the *Milkie way* ſo *white*.
Mean while her *cherry Lips* don't miſs,
That tempt our *taſting* in a *Kiſs*;
Lips that like *Suada's* ſtill diſpence,
The ſweet *Conſerv's* of Eloquence.
Her *Chin* and *Neck* in *white* array,
Where all the *Graces* dance and play.
And laſt of all let her be,
Veil'd in a Dreſs as *gay* as ſhe;
But let that *Little* part be bare,
That where *all Woman* does appear:
Now the Draught finiſh'd; now I find
She's drawn ſo *lively* to my Mind.

That

That what she wo'nt, (lest my heart break,)
The *Picture's* self, I think, will *speak*.

XXVI.

Bathyllus.

IF Painter thou *true* Life can'st draw,
Now, now, my fair *Bathyllus* shew.
On's *Hair* a charming *blackness* lyes,
And even *thence* a light does rise.
Make wandring little Curls to dance
In a *well ordered* Negligence.
His *High* Forehead bright as the Morn
Black, *narrow*, Eye-brows do adorn.
Through which, as from a Bow that's bent,
Sharp Arrows from his Eyes are sent.
To my Heart let them a passage bore,
And make me love him *more*.

Make

Make *fierce*, *black* eyes, that Thouſands ſlew,
Yet make 'em *kind* and *courteous* too.
This *Angry* part by *Mars* was ſent,
This *Mildneſs* here by *Venus* lent.
That down th' *Admirer* drives,
And this the *Criminal* forgives.
His Cheeks with *Youth* and *Bluſhes* dreſt,
By faireſt Apples are expreſt.
Let modeſty o're all command,
Elſe the *piece* will bluſh to *mend* your hand.
His *Red*, *plump* Lips and *little* Mouth
Will *puzzle* and *torment* us both.
Pretty, *Delicious*,—oh they've outgone
All Art, and all Deſcription
But let *ſweet* ſmiles around 'em play,
And there becoming *moiſtures* lay,
To them let *Eloquence* be joyn'd,

As

As if for Rhetorick *design'd.*
They muſt at leaſt a *Motion* make,
And even *Silence* ſeem to ſpeak.
Like that of the Spheres let it be,
A *ſweet* but *unheard* Harmony.
And in this charming Face, let all
Be *ſtately* and *Majeſtical.*
Ore's *ſlender*, *Ivory* Neck I'll paſs,
And with more joy do *downwards* haſt.
His Breaſt is *full* in every part,
For it contains *Anacreon's* Heart.
Smooth are his hands, both *long* and *White*,
Which Kiſſes muſt from all invite.
Here through *blew* veins pure bloud does glide,
Here on it of't the *Soul* does ride.
To this fair place orejoy'd it runs,
Long ſtays it makes, and *quick* returns.

His

His *large*, *big* Belly all approve,
'Tis in *Drunk'neſs* graceful and in *Love*.
His Thighs to Marble I'de compare,
But that they *ſoft* and *tender* are
Looſe quivering fleſh in *Whiteneſs* lies,
And ſtiff cold Age with fire ſupplies.
Let there be now a *thin ſlight* ſhade,
Or *Any thing* or *Nothing* made.
An *inward* tickling onely draw,
And Love's firſt pleaſant *Itchings* ſhew,
Even *now* let flowing *Nature* try
To paſs the *bounds* of Chaſtity.
But ſee your *Art* is too unkind,
It does not ſhow the Charms *behind*.
Charms, that ſeem now *lovelier* far,
Becauſe they *hidden* are.
On him I will not *Feet* beſtow.

For lovers never look ſo *low*.
I onely this of you ſhall claim,
That you'd the piece *Apollo* name.
And if you e're *Apollo* ſee,
Call't *Bathyllus* in Effigy:
For *Both* are Gods, *both* lov'd by me.

XXVII.

The Captive.

IN Chains of Flowers made
The *Muſes Love* did lead.
Intreating *Beauty* that ſhe'de take
The *Priſoner* which ſhe *firſt* did make.
Though *Venus* ſu'd for Liberty,
And wiſh'd that he might *all* obey,
Admire *ſometimes* Deformity.

For

For *that* of Pride had ſtore,
And *Ægypt Monſters* did adore
Fancy made *wrinkled* faces fair,
And *Hills* and *Dales* fine Proſpects are.
But though to *Love* enlargment's brought,
Dear Captivity he ſought.
All ſalvage *Wildneſs* nobly ſcorn'd,
And to *Beauty*, *Beauty* he return'd.

XXVIII.

The Jolly *Drunkard.*

STand of, my Thirſt can never ceaſe,
I'll drink it *all*, though *Bottomleſs*.
Heav'n ſhan't ſhow the Soul, nor Hell
That me in Madneſs dares excel.
Two *Græcian* Sparks tis true
Their ill natur'd *Mothers* ſlew,

Then ſtark and raving mad did run,
Becauſe the brave exploit was *gone*
And never could again be done.
But I that am contented well
With *harmleſs* drink and Whoring ſtill,
That ne're an *angry* Rival kill'd,
Nor *prying* Cuckolds bloud e're ſpill'd,
I that in *Claret* do delight,
And drink ſuch *bloud* with appetite,
Beyond an Extaſie can fly,
And ſtare and rave more decently.
Let Heav'n then ſhow the Soul, or Hell
That me in Madneſs dares excel.
A *Lovely* ſight it was,
When *Ajax* through the *Troops* did paſs,
Through *Hills* of Wool fierce Anger ſhot,
And in the *Sheep* his *Græcians* ſought.

O're Northern *Alps* he ſeem'd to fly,
And through the *Snow* to cut his way.
Of's *heavy* ſenſes he complains,
And throws down th' *uſeleſs* weight of Brains.
Stout *Hercules* did mount with *pride*,
And in his *Rage* was *Deify*'d.
He ſtrait ſhook of the *fleſhly* load,
He firſt grew *mad* and then a *God*.
See then after this draught of Wine,
His *Star* I'll ſtrait outſhine;
A *Nature* I will have like his,
And thus an *Apotheoſis*.
Here, here *Perfection* is expreſt,
Madneſs with *new madneſs* is poſſeſt.
Let Heav'n then ſhow the Soul or Hell,
That dares in Madneſs me excel.

XXIX. *The*

XXIX.

The Account.

WHen all the *Stars* are by thee told,
(Thoſe endleſs ſums of heav'nly Gold)
Or when the *Hairs* are reckon'd all,
From ſickly *Autums head* that fall.
Or when the drops that make the *Sea*,
Whilſt all her *Sands* thy *Counters* be,
Thou then, and thou alone muſt prove
Th' *Arithmetician* of my Love.
An Hundred Loves at *Athens* ſcore,
At *Corinth* write an Hundred more.
Fair *Corinth* does ſuch Beauties bear,
So few is an eſcaping there.
Write then at *Chios* Seventy three,

Write me at *Lesbos* (let me see)
Write me at *Lesbos* Ninety down,
Full Ninety Loves and *half* a one.
And next to these let me present
The fair *Jonian Regiment*,
And next the *Carian* Company
Five hundred both *Effectively*.
Three Hundred more at *Rhodes* and *Crete*
Three Hundred 'tis I'me sure complete.
For Arms at *Crete* each *Face* does bear,
And every Ey's an *Archer* there.
Go on, this stop why dost thou make.
Thou think'st perhaps that I mistake,
Seems this to thee to great a Summ,
Why many Thousands are to come.
The mighty *Xerxes* could not boast
Such different Nations in his Host.

On, for my love (if thou be'ſt weary)
Muſt find ſome better Secretary.
I have not yet my *Perſian* told
Nor yet my *Syrian* Loves enroll'd,
Nor *Indian* nor *Arabian*
Nor *Cyprian* Loves nor *African*,
Nor *Scythian* nor *Italian* flames,
There's a whole *Map* behind of Names.
Of gentle Loves in the *temperate* Zone,
And *cold* one's in the *Frigid* one.
Cold frozen Loves, with which I pine
And *parched* Loves beneath the *Line*.

XXX. To

XXX.

The Swallow.

BEloved Bird, who as you fly
Our *Spring* bring up, or lead away:
Whom Swains that doubt if Winter's done
Truſt rather then the *Sun*;
That in the *Summer* build'ſt thy Neſt,
And many *Thou's* are ſtrait encreas't;
That when ill-natur'd Colds appear,
Do'ſt from the *ſtormy* World retire,
And then with pleaſant Sleep oppreſt,
I ong with thy *Sons* and *Daughters* reſt:
See, how unreaſonable is *Love*,
That from my Heart will never move,

That every *Minute* builds,
With *Love* and every corner fills.
That *Heats* or *Colds* will nere refuſe,
Heats or *Colds* new Births produce.
The *young* Ones here *unfeather'd* lye,
And wiſh for *Cupid Wings* to fly.
Some in the *Egg* unformed lay,
Their own *warmth* to Life works out away.
Half *hatched* are ſome, and do receive
But *half* a Soul, are *half* alive.
All *gape* for Food, and All
The *Mother Love* with *chirpings* call.
His *tuneleſs* Notes each one does try,
And All within is Harmony.
Bred up, they ſtrait together meet,
And each *Ten Thouſand* does beget.

In

In short so many *Loves* do rest,
Within my sad tormented Breast,
By one Tongue they can't be all expresst.

XXXI.

To his Young Mistriss.

BEcause *Forsooth* you'r *young* and *fair*,
And *fresher* then the *Rose* appear,
Gray Hairs you treat with scornful Eye,
And leave me most *unmannerly*.
Sweet-heart, these *Ashes* do contain
Embers, that strive to *flame* again.
And *Ætna* that on's Top has *Snow*,
Feels *warmth* and *fire* below.
With *Roses* whitehair'd *Lillies* shine,
And in a Garland joyn,

They lock't in *close* embraces lye,
And *kiss* and *hugg* most decently.

XXXII.

Upon Europa.

THis Bull, my Boy, sure is some *Jove*,
Who in *disguise* is making Love.
Methinks through his guilt Horns I spy,
The brightness of the Deity.
His Front does no curl'd *fierceness* wear,
All *Heav'n* does in his Looks appear,
His very Looks speak him a God,
Who now has left the blest abode.
Nay whence I more of credit take,
Europa's mounted on his back.

Europa who outſhines by far
All his beauteous Harlot's there,
Though each Harlot's made a *Star.*
Methinks I ſee him now convey
The Nymph, through the *wondring* Sea,
Whoſe Chyſtal Waves ſwell here and there,
Seemingly *proud* of what they bear.
He now like Oars his feet does ply,
And rowes through the watry *Sky*,
Tis *Jove* I mean, for ſure no Beaſt
Half ſo happy, half ſo bleſt,
Wafted a Virgin ore the Seas,
And left his *Lowing Miſtreſſes.*
Nay none of all the Gods above,
But he, nor he were't not for *Love.*

XXXIII. *The*

XXXIII.

The Vain *Advice.*

TAlk not to me of *Schoolmens* Rules,
Thoſe Antiquated, pious Fools,
Who gravely preach of this or that,
Of the *Stoicks* Chain of Fate.
I hate each ſober, groveling thought,
That's from their muſty *Morals* brought.
To thoſe whom vice and youthful rage,
Has turn'd ore to decrepit Age,
Perhaps this Talk may Rhetorick be,
But prithee Fool what i'ſt to me!
Drinking my ſole Precept is,
And my Life is *link'd* to this.
Then teach how I may Drunk commence,

Above

Above the low Intreagues of Senſe.
Or to raiſe the Frenſie high,
Bleſs it with *Loves* Debauchery.
For ſince my Head can nothing ſhow,
But aged *Froſts* or Winter *Snow*,
Since *Life* may'nt till to *Morrow* ſtay,
Give me the man that lives *to day*.
Then fill the Glaſs Boy, fill the Cup
I'le ſqueeze it to the laſt drop.
Do'nt this attendance *grudging* give,
To the ſmall *remainds* I have to live.
I now have but ſhort time to *crave*;
All lye ſilent in the Grave.

XXXIV. *The*

XXXIV.

The Spring.

SEe how *Nature's* ſelf *all gay*
Uſhers in the Springs *new* Day.
At whoſe approach, the Graces wear
Freſh honours on their flowing Hair,
With Roſes deckt, whoſe Leaves infold
Smiling Crowns of *ſtudded* Gold.
Nothing now does Mirth annoy,
Nothing ſtops the coming Joy;
The *buſie* Winds that uſ'd to ſtir
The Waves, and raiſe a *watry* War;
Unwillingly to Rocks repair,
And *waſt* themſelves in *murmers* there.
The *rugged'ſt Sea it ſelf* awhile
Smooths it's rough looks, and ſeems to ſmile:

See

See how the *Ducks* with wanton play
In their green Lakes *ſport* all the day,
The *prudent* Crane with *full* career
Comes *ſailing* through the floating Air.
And with her *wiſh'd* return does bring
Tidings of th' approaching Spring.
The *Sun* now *all ore Eye* delights
Himſelf, in Natures painted ſights.
His bounteous Rays laviſhly guild
The loweſt Shrubs, the meaneſt Field:
The *ſullen* Clouds now poſt away,
Nor interrupt the chearful day:
Or what remain *diſſolve* in Showers,
And *bleſs* their *fall* upon the *Flowers*.
Tis now, the Country Farmers ſtrive
T' enjoy the *Sun-ſhine* of a life.
Here one endeavouring, we ſee,

With *curious* Art to prune the Tree,
Another there checks in time
The *wanton* growth of the ſpreading Vine.
'Tis now the Earth with Herbs is bleſs'd,
And in it's rich *green* Mantles dreſs'd.
The *Olive* now luxuriant grows,
And all its *verdant* Riches ſhows:
Now *full blown* Roſes in their prime
Embrace the Bowl that *foams* with Wine.
See now ſome *loaded* Trees expreſſing
Th' extravagant Springs over bleſſings
Each Field, each Garden ſeems to call
Nature profuſe and *Prodigal.*

XXXV. *The*

XXXV.
The Old Man.

OLd as I am I can contain
More Wine than a *younger* brain.
An *Hogshead* for a *Wand* I wave,
And in a *newer* fashion rave.
I *reel* into a *Dance*, while there
My *drunken* Hickups *Musick* are.
I fight, *twelve* in a Hand begins
The Battle, and *Anacreon* wins:
More honour, more I do desire,
Present again, and still *give fire.*
Thus *Sack*, my Boy, will on us wait,
And thus its Souldiers *animate.*
I'me *old* tis true, but see
How *Active* age can be,
Silenus is a *Drone* to me.

XXXVI.

The Enjoyment:

When the Vines pleaſant Juice
Into my Mind does Mirth infuſe;
With a *rage*, far beyond all
That ere was term'd *Poetical*;
My *new-rais'd* Genius ſoars up high,
And vents it ſelf in Poetry.
When the Vines pleaſant Juice
Into my Mind does Mirth infuſe:
Wiſdom that *grave* Impertinence,
And all the *buſie* thoughts of *Senſe*,
All the *Diſtractions* of Wit,
I to the *rough* Winds commit.
Winds that to *Sea* my troubles bear,
And leave 'em to raiſe *Tempeſts* there.

When

When the Vines pleaſant Juice,
Into my Mind does Mirth infuſe;
Rapt in a *Drunken* Extaſie
Through perfum'd Air I ſeem to fly;
And by the Journeying of Thought
Am to a ſtrange *pleaſant Somewhere* brought,
When the Vines pleaſant Juice,
Into my Mind does mirth infuſe,
And when rich Garlands Crown my Hair,
Gemm'd with Flowers here and there;
I laviſhly begin to praiſe
A *Quiet* Life's *Golden* days.
When the Vines pleaſant Juice
Into my Mind does mirth infuſe,
When *Eſſence* round my head does flow,
And I hugg a Miſtreſs too;
Venus alone my Lyre does move,

My

My Song is all employ'd on *Love.*
When the Vines pleaſant Juice
Into my mind does mirth infuſe,
And I drink a chearful Cup,
Which Summons all my Spirits up;
How do the Jocund Girls enhance
My joys, in a *continued* Dance.
When the Vines pleaſant Juice
Into my mind does mirth infuſe,
To Day is mine, I'll live *to day,*
Tis what the Gods can't take away.
To Day ſhan't paſs away by ſtealth,
To Day is all my *ready* wealth:
For the *Remainds* of Lifes ſhort date,
Are all but in the *gift* of *Fate.*

XXXVII. *Cupid*

XXXVII.

Cupid *wounded.*

AS *Cupid* once with wanton play
Amidſt the *Roſe-trees* ſporting lay
Nor did the *Chymiſt* Bee behold
Extracting there his *liquid* Gold.
The *buſie* Animal by chance
Stung him with his *little* Lance.
Wounded thus, th' impatient Child
Orecome by *Paſſion* ſtrait grew wild;
He ſighing ſtrait fled through the Air,
And ſcatter'd ſome *vain* murmers there.
And when he came to the *Paphian* Court,
Where's Mother *Venus* did reſort;
I'me *kill'd*, I'me *kill'd* faintly (he cry'd)
(And ſtrait his Tears flow'd in a Tide)

Mother

Mother (he cry'd) I'me now undone,
See, ſee my *life* is almoſt *gone*.
A ſmall *wing'd* Serpent with his Dart
Hath ſtung me to the *very* heart;
I know not well its name (let's ſee)
I think the Plowmen call't a *Bee*.
The *Queen* of Love reply'd, my Boy
If ſuch a Sting can Life deſtroy;
Think but what pain *thy* Arrows cauſe,
And how thou *doubly* kill'ſt with thoſe.

XXXVIII.

An Hymn to the God of Wine.

LEt's drink, let's ſing, but with deſign
In *Hymns* to praiſe the *God* of Wine.

The

The God, that ſeated in the *head*,
Firſt *in Numbers* taught us how to tread.
That makes the *unſkilful* ſing, and be
A *Wit*, and of't good Company.
The God, that always was deſign'd
To be to *Venus* joyn'd.
That heats us in our amorous fights,
And whets our *whoring* appetites.
Who *ſwearing* firſt did inſtitute,
And *Drunkenneſs* as his *Attribute*.
The God that friends creates,
And *drowns* all ſtrife, and fierce debates.
Here *Sorrow* knows not how to *weep*,
And *watchful Grief* is rock't *aſleep*.
Wine like a *Sea* within him ſpreads,
And like an *Iſland* ſtands his heart,
Care the depth and danger dreads,

And wiſely *backward* does depart.
Purge Sorrows then away; you ſee,
You ſee the *ſov'reign* remedy.
Lets laugh to day, for Life is *blind*
And to *Morrow* may not find,
Time's more *unconſtant* then the *Wind.*
Lead up a dance, and when you make
A Step, then then a *brimmer* take:
That pretty *Toy* a *Girl* ſeek out,
With her friſk and ſport about;
Sigh, ſmile, kiſs, hug, then ſhew
What well *digeſted* Wine can do.
To *thoſe* our cares we will diſpenſe,
Whom *affliction* teaches *Senſe.*
We more *cheaply* know,
Drink, and ſing, and reel abroad,
For what elſe ſhould we do.

But

But praise the *best* the *greatest* God?

XXXIX.

Of Himself.

OReharg'd with Wine a Dance I love,
And that all things may move
Indifferent Figures, as of old,
The first confused *Atoms* rowl'd.
The *Harp* with Wine all over *wet*,
Its *Hearers* must *intoxicate*;
But still the Ladies I would please,
With *Riddles*, and *Cross purposes*.
My Heart fierce Anger never tore,
Kind Love had seiz'd it all before;
Scolding and *Noise* I always fly,
Chief *Enemies* to *good* company.

I hate all inteſtine Jarrs,
All fierce unnatural Wars.
Which rudely *Pots*, and *Flagons* raiſe,
And onely in *confuſion* ceaſe.
Of Heav'n a *Handſome* Girl I crave,
Good *Wine*, and *Muſick*; then
(Life gone) into her *Lap* my *Grave*
I'll fall the *beſt* of men.
And there in peaceful *ſoftneſs* lye,
Melted with *Love* and *Harmony*.

XL.

The Graſshopper.

HAppy *Inſect*, what can be
In happineſs compar'd to Thee?

Fed

Fed with nouriſhment divine,
The dewy *Morning's* gentle *Wine*;
Nature waits upon thee ſtill,
And thy verdant Cup does fill;
Tis fill'd wherever thou doeſt tread,
Nature ſelf's *thy Ganymede.*
Thou doſt drink, and dance, and ſing;
Happier then the happieſt King!
All the *Fields* which thou doſt ſee,
All the *Plants* belong to Thee,
All that *Summer Hours* produce,
Fertile made with early Juice.
Man for Thee does Sow and Plow;
Farmer He and *Landlord* Thou!
Thou doſt innocently joy,
Nor does thy *Luxury* deſtroy.
The *Shepherd* gladly heareth thee

More *Harmonious* than He.
Thee Countrey Hinds with gladneſs hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee *Phœbus* loves and does inſpire;
Phœbus is himſelf thy *Sire.*
To thee of all things upon Earth,
Life is no longer then thy *Mirth.*
Happy *Inſect*, happy Thou,
Doſt nether *Age* nor *Winter* know.
But when thou'ſt drunk, and danc'd, and ſung
Thy fill, the flowry Leaves among,
(*Voluptuous*, and *wiſe* withal,
Epicurean Animal)
Satiated with thy *Summer feaſt*,
Thou retir'eſt to endleſs *Reſt.*

XLI. The

XLI.

The Dream expounded.

ONce in my *Dream* I ſeem'd to fly,
From I know not what, I know not why;
Nor did the *Heavineſs* of Sleep
Conſtrain my *fleeting* Thoughts, or keep
My *Fancy back*, but through the Air
I ſeem'd to poſt with full career.
The amorous Boy purſu'd me ſtrait,
Though hinder'd by *unuſual* weight,
He did his flight ſo contrive,
He ſoon oretook the *Fugitive*.
Now what I may deduce from hence,
What *Myſtical*, what *hidden* Senſe
Is couch'd in this, I know not well;

Yet

Yet this my Fancy ſeems to tell:
That I, who admir'd *every* Face,
Was taken with each *little* Grace;
With one, becauſe *Slender* and *Pretty*,
Another *Fair*, another *Witty*;
From all theſe potent *Tyrants* free,
Muſt but by *one* now conquer'd be;
Nor is it ſtrange, She's *All* to me.

XLII.

Upon Cupid's *Darts.*

AS *Vulcan* at his Anvile ſtood
Forging *Love's* Darts, gentle and good,
Of *red-hot* Steel; which did retain
Some *Sparks*, that uſe to *burn* again;

Venus

Venus in *Hony* dip't 'em all.
And *Love* allay'd the Sweets with *Gall*.
When furious *Mars* return'd from fight,
Without the leaſt *glimm'ring* of delight.
No *ſmiling* Looks, no *unuſual* Grace
Diſturb'd the *Majeſty* of his face.
In's dreadful hand a *Spear* he bore
The *rougher* Inſtrument of War.
And laughing took up Love's *light* Dart,
(But little thought it caus'd ſuch ſmart)
This is, ſaid he, a pretty *Toy*,
A *Play-thing* fit for ſuch a Boy;
Cupid at length made this reply,
Sir, if you pleaſe, the *lightneſs* try;
With that he ſhot the *new-made* Arrow,
Which pierc'd him to the Marrow,
And wounded deep: *Venus* ſmil'd

To see the God of *War* beguil'd.
Who *vainly* pray'd; hence, hence remove
The Dart, I feel *enough* of Love.
No, no, *Love* cry'd your pain enjoy,
You know my *Arrow's* but a *Toy*.

XLIII.

Upon Gold.

A mighty pain *to Love* it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to *miss*.
But of all pains the greatest pain
It is to Love, but love in vain.
Vertue now, nor *noble Blood*,
Nor *Wit* by *Love* is understood,
Gold alone does Passion move,
Gold monoplizes Love.

A Curse

A *Curse* on her, and on the man,
Who this Traffick first began.
A *Curse* on him who found the Ore
A *Curse* on him who digg'd the store.
A *Curse* on him who did refine it,
A *Curse* on him who first did coyn it.
A *Curse*, all Curses else above,
On him who us'd it first in *Love*.
Gold begets in Brethren hate,
Gold in *Families* debate:
Gold does Friendship separate,
Gold does Civil Wars create,
These the smallest harms of it,
Gold, alas does *Love* beget.

XLIV.

Pleasant Old Age.

I Love the man, whom froward *Age*
Can in its *Quarrels* ne'e engage.
Who as merrily to his *Evening's* come,
As if Life's short *Day* e're but *begun*.
I love the *Young* Gallant, who knows
What to his early years he owes.
Who frequents *Balls*, and strives t' outdo,
What th' *height* of Nature prompts him to.
Tis this, tis this pleases the man,
Who has almost outliv'd his span.
Who in a *Dance* is often cld,
And by's gray Hairs he now grows *old*.
He now grows *Old*; but when all's done
His *Mind* is ever, ever *Young*.

And what his *Body* can't do then.
His *youthful* thoughts act o're *ag'en.*

XLV.

The Drunkard's delight.

GIve me *Homer's* tuneful *Lyre,*
Let its ſound my breaſt inſpire
With no *troubleſome* delight.
Of the *Trojans well ſung* Fight.
Let it play no *Conqueſts* here,
But its *own Conqueſts* or'e the *Ear.*
This I'll ſtrike, on this I'll play,
And in ſoft Muſick ſpend the day.
Bring the Cups, where we receive
What Laws the *awful mark* does give.

T

I'll fill 'em fair, I'll drink 'em all,
Till I grow mad, and Whymſical;
Till Nothing's ſober in me found,
But I *ſtagg'ring* dance around.
My *Joyful* Harp, in Complaiſance,
With *trembling* Strings ſhall *ſing* and *dance*.
Then ſome new *Rant* I'll ſing; and cry
Defiance to *Sobriety*.

XLVI.

The Effects of Wine.

THe *Youth who* nobly ſtands his ground,
Who never baulks *A Brimmer round*.
Who in Dancing does delight,
Is *Bacchus* only Favourite.
Patron of each brave deſign,
Who giv's us *Philtres* in our Wine,

Who makes us love in *ſpight* of Fate,
And doubly *burn* with *Wine* and *that*;
Wine that to the *Grape Tree* ows
Its Purple Streams with which it flows;
Wine that keeps its *Patients* free,
From each *daring* Maladie.
Wine is our *Doctor* all the year,
We no aſſaults of *Sickneſs* fear;
But wiſely rave with decent rage,
Free from the *Diſeaſe* of *Age*,
Free from *Diſeaſes* of the *Mind*,
Till another year grows *kind*,
And brings again our *health*, new Wine.

XLVII.

Advice to a Painter.

PRithee, *Painter*, do but hear,
How my Lyre *courts* thine *Ear*;

How

How it does all it Charms employ,
And raviſhes with *ſpeaking* Joy!
Let the *Bacchæ* their Pipes blow,
Which to *hoarſe* Air their Muſick owe.
Sweeter Accents far rebound
From the Harps *ſmooth-tongu'd* ſound.
Therefore add to my delight,
And draw ſome pleaſant curious ſight;
Ore ſome *Countrey*, ore ſome Iſle,
Let *ſimpring* Colours caſt a ſmile;
Let thy *Pencil* now outdo
What *Peace* in *all* its charms can ſhew,
(And if the Wax be'nt too unkind
But proves propitious to my mind)
Let ſome *Love-Intreagues* appear.
And be the onely *Varniſh* here.

XLVIII. *Venus*

XLVIII.

Venus *Engrav'd on a Diſh.*

SEe by ſome hand *Induſtrious* grown,
By ſome *ventrous* Art is ſhown,
In a *Diſh* the *Ocean!*
Whoſe *Margin* counterfeits a *Shore,*
The *well-wrought* Sea ſeems to *roar*;
So much the *Waters* ſeem to *flow,*
You'd think the *Metal running* too;
Amidſt theſe Waves I *Venus* ſpy,
Some Artiſt's Fancy mounted high,
Stole the *Idea* from the Sky.
From whence he drew her Limbs ſo *bright,*
Clad but in *thin wrought* Rays of *Light*;
She with *unwieldy* joy does pleaſe
In her *killing* Nakedneſs.

Nor do the *happier* Waves conceal
But what 'twere *impious* to *reveal*;
And but with *prudent* Secreſie
Prevent th' *Adul'try* of the *Eye*.
See how ſhe treads the *marbl'd* way!
And darts around a glorious day,
Like Nymphs that o're the Ocean play.
And when ſhe *wantons* in the Seas,
And rows ore *Chryſtal* Palaces;
The *ſmitten* Waves rowl along.
(Happy's the *Foremoſt* in the throng)
With eager joy, meaning no harm
They allmoſt *crowd* into a *Storm*.
And about her *Roſie* Waſt
Their *curl'd* embraces caſt.
Whilſt ſhe her *various* Colours ſtrows,
And Paints the *Path* where e're ſhe rows;

Such

Such colonrs *white-fac'd* Lillies ſpread
Mixt with the Carnation's *red*;
Such *Venus* if *all-ore*. But ſee
How the bended *Dolphins* play!
How they dance along the Tide,
On whom the little *Cupids* ride;
And in their *dimpl'd* lóoks expreſs
Their mutual Happineſs:
The little Fiſhes with quick glance
Show their *guilt* Coats, they skip, and dance;
Thus they *ſpeak* joy for want of tongue,
Nature in *vain* has made 'em *dumb*;
Venus ſmiles too, and does appear
So *Nat'ral*, as if born ev'n *here*.

XLIX.

The Grapes:

TO us the Vine its ſtore does give,
And we with eagerneſs receive:
Young Men and Maids together come
And bring the *weighty* Treaſures home;
Whole Vineyards in one Veſſel lay,
And *true* Wine from th' *Trees* is born away,
But if we owe a Birth to *Art*,
And *Midwife* force muſt Act a part,
A Secreſy the *deed* requires,
And every *Virgin* ſtrait retires.
For *Men* alone the Grapes do tread,
And Wine's by *ſkilful* Drunkards made;
To Song and Dance the God does yield,
And all things are with *Bacchus* fill'd.

With

With ſparkling fires crown'd he ſtands,
And all our Eyes commands;
On his Streams like a *Sea-God* lyes,
That from the *Deep* did lately riſe.
Old men, as they walk along
Do taſt, and ſee, and ſtrait grow *young*.
Their *Crutches* gone, they dance, and play;
Whilſt *Age*, and *gray* Hairs drop away.
The Younger men look *Red*
With *thoughts* of Wine, and Love; which feed
Upon each other, and do thrive
With *long* Enjoyments kept alive.
Under a Myrtle ſhade
Or'ecome by ſleep a *Nymph* is lay'd;
That nere a proffer'd bliſs declin'd,
In *Dream*, ſtill thoughts to thoughts were *kind*.
Thus *all* Women will, but few

Dare

Dare act *awake* what *then* they'd do.
For now of fierce disdain,
The *affronted* Youth does long complain,
Is every Minute kill'd.
Sees more than *all*, because *conceal'd*,
And strongest struglings *seem* to yield
But since all Courtship was in vain,
He strove by *Storm* the Fort to gain,
He *plunder'd*, *ravisht*, and lead on
His *force*, and *man'd* the Garrison.
He thanked the *Grapes* that courage sent,
That made him bold and impudent.

L.

The Rose.

NAked the Spring would seem, and bear,
If *Roses* did not dress the year;

The

The *Roſe* that to the Gods preſents
It ſelf *ſweeter* then *Frankincenſe.*
The *Joy* of man, who gently lay'd
Upon a Roſie Bed;
That and the *Graces* round him move,
And deck, and bleſs his hours of *Love.*
The *Roſe*, where none deſigns amiſs,
If he does *that* or *Venus* kiſs.
This Plant the Poets *ſtrive* to praiſe,
And would for *this* exchange their *Bays.*
Through *Files* of *Pikes* and *Bryars*, we
Puſh on our hands moſt willingly.
But the *Roſe* when gather'd wounds does heal
And we then onely *Roſes* feel.
Inſipid is our Mirth, and flat,
If *theſe* our Wits do'nt animate;
At *Bacchus* feaſts for *dead* though lain,

With

With *these* refresh'd we drink again,
All things are in perfection great,
If they the Rose but *imitate*.
The winged *Morning* climbs the Sky,
And her *Rosie-Fingers* does display,
Bright onely by a *Simile*.
Each *Nymph* a strict Beholder seeks,
Proud of *this* Colour in her Cheeks.
Loves *Rosie-Goddess* here does sit,
More *Lovely* by that *Epithet*.
In short a *Med'cine* tis,
For all Ills and Sicknesses.
He that its vertues understands,
will beggar all Physitians;
Nay in the *Grave* 'twill lay,
And keep *hungry* Time away:
Perfume the Carkass, and preserve;

Whilſt almoſt *Death* and *Worms* do ſtarve.
When *Venus* firſt from the Sea's *Womb*
In *Beauty* cloath'd did come;
And watry *Mountains* ſtop'd to ſee
The naked newborn *Prodigy*.
When armed *Pallas* from the head
Of *teeming* Jove was lead;
Then ſprang the *Roſe*, 'twas then
Our Goddeſs firſt did reign;
Strange and *wonderful* her birth
Amaz'd her *Mother* Earth.
Of this the Gods did firſt debate,
And in Heaven a *Council* ſate.
All did *Nectar* on a Bramble drop,
And ſoon the *Roſe leapt* up.
It firſt on *Bacchus* ſmil'd, then ſtrait
Did it ſelf to *Bacchus dedicate*.

LI.

Grown Young.

WHen ſome *brisk*, and *airy* Scene,
Does my *Opticks* entertain
With *friſking* Lads who their lives ſooth,
And nobly ſpend th' *Eſtate* of *Youth*;
The Wantons, *Pimps* for fond delight,
Provoke my feeble ſight,
My *ſight*; which by ſome magick Art
Scatters *Youth* thro' ev'ry part.
My *crippl'd* feet in ſteps advance,
And *wonder* why they dance.
And whilſt they in theſe ſports engage,
Forget the *clumſineſs* of Age.
Now th-n, Cybelle, round my head
Garlands of *new-blown* Roſes ſpread;

In this Princely poſture ſtrait
Let ſome Boy on me wait,
Let him, to *favour* my deſign,
Puſh it on with *lively* Wine;
Then let him ſtand amaz'd, to ſee
How I *young* and *active* be!
How *Jollily* my Life does paſs!
How I'me diſpoſed to take a Glaſs;
Diſpos'd to break a youthful *Jeſt*,
Diſpos'd to *frolick* with the beſt.

LII.
The Mark.

NOthing *undiſtinguiſh'd* lies,
Or *cheats* the ſight in falſe diſguiſe;
A *Mark* is ſtamp'd on all, that we
May in each a *Diff'rence* ſee;

The wandring Horse does keep
A *Superscription* on the *Hip*:
The *Parthian* by his *Turbant's* known,
A *Lover* by his *Heart* is shown;
Nor does the *hidden* Mark raise doubt,
But oft in *blushes* Sallies out;
And oft the *Flame* that brands his Breast,
Is by his *Tell-tale* Looks expreſt.

FINIS.